

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1891. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers.
No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1866.

Price 25.00 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2235.
Single Number 5 Cents.

FORTY YEARS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARGUERITE HARP.

"To forty years ago to-day
Rise little Alice went away;
I looked my last at through a veil,
To see her lying still and pale,
With white hands folded on her breast,
In visions of peaceful rest.
I kissed the lips that faintly smiled,
And with the angels left my child.

For forty years has Alice slept,
For forty years her loss I've wept,
And yet she's over in my sight
In visions of the silent night,
And all the long and tedious day
Her face is not so far away;
But on my knees, O undimmed!
I feel the presence of my child.

I've but to close my weary eyes,
And from the shadows she will rise—
I see her glowing golden hair,
I see her face so strangely fair,
I stretch my hands with sobbing cry,
But ah! she floats in sunshine by,
And there again all light divine,
Her loving eyes are raised to mine.

She's standing in the open door—
She's dancing on the parlor floor—
She's sitting in my easy chair—
She's sitting in my easy chair—
Her arms around my neck do twine,
Her little hands are clasped in mine,
But in her face no care appears,
Nor yet a trace of forty years.

My once dark locks are white as snow,
My cheeks have lost their crimson glow,
Deep lines of care are on my brow,
My step is slow and feeble now;
The weary years have left their trace
In bending form and wasted face;
But all my life so sad and cold,
My little girl has never grown old.

O joy! O joy! these forty years
Have never dimmed her eyes with tears,
And she is still as pure and fair
As when she played about my chair,
Her smile as full of pure delight,
Her waken looks as softly bright,
And in a land all undimmed,
I soon shall sleep my little child.

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

ADVENTURES ON THE PENNSYLVANIA FRONTIER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," "THE
QUAKER PARTISAN," &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1866, by Henry Peterson & Co., in the office of the
Clerk of the District Court of the United States in
and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XII.

Have made good use of his time both in re-
plenishing his stock of goods, with which he
was nothing particular to do, and his stock of
news, especially with regard to the rumored
expedition, with which we have a good deal
to do.

He ascertained that a fleet of more than a
dozen transports, conveyed by two men of war,
had arrived at Alexandria, on the Potomac,
that a few days before a thousand "regiment" had
been landed, and were waiting for the reinforce-
ments that were to pour in upon them, and that
all hands were to make a triumphant march across
the desert meadows, over the gentle hills, and
through the fertile valleys of the Quaker
Colony, walk into Fort Duquesne some fine
morning after breakfast, eat an early dinner,
and then push on to the next item in the pro-
gramme, to wit, Fort Mifflin, then Niagara, and so
on. It was all nicely cut and dried.

We shall see hereafter how all this was re-
vised. The expedition was under the command
of General Edward Bradford, whose character
is admirably summed up by that charming, in-
comparable, perpetual old boy, General Walpole, in
just eighteen words:—"Desperate in his fortune,
brave in his behavior, obstinate in his opinions,
and a man of no account."

In the words of a more modern writer:—"Six
feet high, of athletic proportions, of good ap-
pearance, and a lover of his bottle, he was equal to
any effort of personal vigor. He was a match
for the best swordsmen in the army—and could
drink his whole meal under the table! He swore
copiously, as troops were sent to do in those
days. Turbulent and pugnacious, he was never
so much at his ease as in the busy hours of war.
Intrepid and loyal, he was always ready to fight
for his king or his great master, his royal high-
ness the Duke of Cumberland, whom he
was proud to copy as the model soldier."

He had served in Flanders, where "our army
swept terribly," and in Spain, and had taken his
share of the beating the French gave the En-

glish at Fontenoy, where he drew off his regi-
ment of the Foot Guards with such cool cou-
rage and steady discipline, as to be rewarded,
soon after the battle, by a promotion to a lieuten-
ant-colonelcy.

A desperate gambler, reckless of and not pre-
tending to any virtue but bravery, shamelessly
and openly licentious, glibly, in the straits to
which his reckless prodigality and ill luck at the
gambling-table frequently reduced him, of many a
moon and dirty little son which I will not take
the room to detail, and withal, having about as
accurate a notion of bush-fighting as the horse
he rode, his present position was as splendid an
illustration of the "how-not-to-do-it" policy of
the circumlocution-office of those days, as could
well have been made.

After a few busy days in Philadelphia,
Schneppe was on his way back to the interior,
carrying with him his budget of news, and
some letters, one of which, from Mr. Morton to
Philip, will explain the causes which brought
the latter to America. It ran thus—in modern
spelling:

"Philadelphia, April 1st, 1775.

"My dear Son—You will be surprised to see
the piece from which this is dated. I have
hardly got over my own surprise, or the shock
of the calamity which has driven me, in my old
age, to seek a home among strangers and in a
strange land, where everything is new to me, to
begin the world again.

"Bereft of mine no longer. You will ask
why and how I have lost it. It is the old story,
my son. I was not satisfied with what I had,
but must needs try, like an old fool as I was, to
make it more so.

"What had I to do with speculation, as wild
I can see it now, though I was blind then, as the
South Sea bubble that scattered so many for-
tunes to the winds forty or fifty years ago?
Well, no matter, I went into them, expecting to
realize a hundred per cent. on my outlay, and I
have realized—ruin. It was all outlay and no
return.

"I was led into it by your Uncle Oliver. I
don't blame him for it, for, he, I know, was as
perfectly sincere and honest in this as in the
dozen other impracticable schemes he has un-
dertaken and failed in. I ought to have known
better, knowing his visionary character and utter
unfitness for business, as I did, but I suffered
myself to be led on step by step—first, in ad-
vancing money to get the project (it was some
new-fangled way of draining marsh ground that
the father of evil himself, who must first have
suggested the idea to him, couldn't have under-
stood,) in working order, then more money to
pay for unsuccessful experiments and remedy
mistakes, then incurring obligations to meet
other obligations of his which were coming to
maturity, until at last, as I might have expected
from the beginning, the day of reckoning came,
and the dear old piece was sold over my head.

"England was no place for me then, and
having saved a few thousands from the wreck,
after paying the last farthing I owed, I have
come to the New World to seek my fortune
again.

"Your mother and sisters have borne it
nobly. Not a word of the reproach I deserved;
nothing but kind and cheerful words, and readi-
ness to sacrifice everything.

"We are all very anxious to see you. Come
to us as soon as you can, if you can leave, some-
body here wants to see him too. We shall remain
until we hear from or see you."

In addition to the letter, Hans was charged
with one to Philip from his mother; one from
Carrie, which was stout enough for two long
epistles—perhaps there were two—and one from
Ellen, the elder sister, in which she particularly
repeated him to make his appearance in his
bustling shirt and breeches, as she wanted to
see how the trim artillery officer would look in
such homely equipment.

About two weeks after Ellen had frightened
Hans with this message, she was returning home
from a visit, late one afternoon, so late, indeed,
that the dusk was deepening into darkness. The
streets, never very full of people, were at the
moment comparatively empty, nearly everybody
having gone home to supper.

She had entered, however, two men on the
opposite side of the High Street along which
she was walking, who seemed to be keeping
pace with her movements. She did not feel com-
pletely alarmed, though it was rather late to be
out alone, but she felt just that kind of uncon-
fortable nervousness that the comest and most
intrepid man is hardly free from when he sees
that his steps are dogged.

She quickened her pace a little, glancing for-
tively around to see if her motions were fol-
lowed; they still kept pace with her; she slack-
ened her speed; the two men slackened theirs
also, without apparently looking at her, but
still keeping about opposite, across the wide
street.

It was impossible, in the increasing darkness,
to distinguish their features or their dress with
any certainty, though she could see that the
latter, in one of them, was making anything she
had ever beheld.

She began to be seriously alarmed, and hur-
ried on as fast as she could, without actually
running.

Affraid to look behind her, she had not ob-
served another man softly following, within

twenty feet of her, on the same side of the
street. She had now reached Water Street, and
her great relief, for she was within half a square
of home.

Glancing partially around, she saw that the
two men were a little in the rear, and were
crossing the street; turning the corner quickly
to get out of sight, she broke into a run, now
thoroughly frightened. Before she had gone a
dozen steps she felt a hand laid lightly on her
shoulder, and a voice saying,

"Whereaway so fast, my pretty little dear?"
Turning instinctively, she saw a stranger at
her side, who seized her hand before she could
express his intention, and attempted to draw
her arm through his, exclaiming, "By Jove, but
you're an active little piece; what makes you
run away so fast from your friends?"

"I don't know you, sir," said poor Ellen,
struggling in vain to free her hand; "please let
me go; you have made a mistake."

"Not a bit," said the fellow, still holding her
firmly, "no mistake at all; you're going to
give me a lesson."

What he had not time to say, for the words
were cut short by a strong grip on his throat
which effectually choked them off.

The next instant, before he was fairly aware
what had happened, his feet were kicked from
under him, and he found himself on his back,
with a heavy knee on his breast and the hand
still on his throat.

"What the devil do you mean?" he gasped,
as well as he could, through the small aperture
his assailant left him for speaking; "what do
you mean by attacking a peaceable citizen in the
public street this way? I'll blow your infernal
brains out," he added, with an oath, trying
at the same time to thrust his hand into his
bosom.

The hand was promptly caught by his assail-
ant, who, he now saw, was a man apparently
about his own age, and with a strength and
activity, clearly manifest in the ease with which he
had thrown and now held him, against which he
was utterly powerless.

His conqueror was dressed in the green hunt-
ing shirt and breeches commonly worn by "back-
woodsmen," as they were termed, though instead
of the ordinary skin cap, his head was covered
by a jaunty, velvet, crimson-fur cap.

Standing beside them was another man, en-
veloped in a cloak, and wearing the ordinary
cocked hat of the period, who stood coolly
looking on, without attempting to interfere.

Ellen, who was too frightened to move, remem-
bered the two as the men who had been follow-
ing her.

"Keep your hands where they are," said
Hunting Shirt, in a low, hissing tone, "or I'll
try the strength of your head on the stone!"

"Do you mean to murder me?" gasped the
other.

"Not this time," said Hunting Shirt, sternly;
"only to give you a lesson to allow ladies to
walk along the street without insulting them.
If I ever catch you at it again, I'll silence you
forever. Now begone, and remember!"

So saying, he sprang to his feet, before the
other had time to move, giving a vigorous push
with the knee that had held him down, and
left him with an ache in his ribs for a week
afterwards.

Struggling to his feet, the fellow stunk of
around the corner and disappeared.

Approaching and raising his cap politely, with
a half-salutary movement, the stranger said to
Ellen,

"Madam, I am very glad we were able to be
of service to you in this unpleasant rencontre.
Shall we have the honor of seeing you safely to
your residence?"

"I thank you, sir, most earnestly, for your
kindness," said Ellen; "I have not a short dis-
tance to go, but I feel so nervous, I'm afraid I
must trouble you so far on your journey."

Each started slightly, as at something familiar
in the tone of the other's voice, but no further
remark was made until they reached the door.

Ellen insisted upon their entering, that she
might see her protectors, and that her parents
might thank them also.

But little persuasion was needed, particularly
as a drawing of the true state of the case had
been to immerse upon the minds of the two
men. As they advanced into the lighted parlor,
and as Ellen was saying,

"Father, these gentlemen—" she was inter-
rupted by a sudden exclamation of her father,
a simultaneous shriek of delight from her mother
and Carrie, and a tumultuous rush of all three
at the two men; for as they took off their hats,
and the cloak of one of them fell from his shoulder,
there stood the long absent brother and
lover, in luminous danger of effluence in the
violent hugging to which they were subjected
by all and sundry, including Ellen, who did not
wait to finish her sentence.

"Do you know who I was?" asked Ellen of
her brother, as soon as matters had been re-
stored to some little order, and she had had her
story. "You don't know how you frightened me,
when I saw you both dogging me so long."

"No," said Philip, "we don't recognize you
at all. Wait and I had just left our home at
the inn, and started on our way home, when we
saw you. I suppose our attention was at-
tracted by your being the only lady in sight,
and so late in the evening. Well was just re-
marking that it was hardly safe for a lady to be

out alone, when just as you passed our alley, I
saw a man steal out of it and follow you on tip-
toe. We made up our minds at once that we
would keep near you, and as matters turned out,
it was well we did. I didn't suspect who you
were till you spoke, and even then I wasn't
quite certain, until we were fairly in the house.
How do you like the hunting shirt and breeches?
You see I've obeyed the directions in
your letter."

"It was your outlandish dress that made me
afraid of you at first," said she. "I thought
you must be an Indian, and I never felt more
relieved in my life than when I heard you speak
in such remarkably good English."

"Well, well," interrupted the father, "never
mind that now; I'm glad you stayed out so late,
for once, Nelly, as you brought home the boys
with you; but please don't repeat the experi-
ment; I don't think it quite safe. Now, Master
Philip, we want to hear a long story this evening
from you; where you have been and how you got
there (after you left home, I mean) and what
you have seen and done, and how you came to
see and do it, and all about it."

This portion of it was entirely new to them,
as they had received no letters from him since
the time of his narrative began.

He had, in addition to the poverty of his
story, an advantage which I lack, in telling it
for him, the certainty, before he began, that his
audience would be pleased and thoroughly in-
terested in it, and in consequence he told it in
a good deal better, I am afraid, than I have been
able, for, before he had done, he had effected
that triumph of the moment, making his audi-
ence feel as though all the characters in his
story, from Colonel Eli, Adam Gordon, Wild-
Cat, were old friends.

Even Captain Jack came in for a share of af-
fectionate admiration and sympathy, though his
auditors turned pale and cringed at some of the
wild, bloody legends he repeated of the terrible
Colonel Noir and his gipsy vengeance.

After the rest of the family had retired, Mr.
Morton and the two young men sat together till
late in the night, discussing the prospects and
plans of the former in his now altered circum-
stances.

CHAPTER XIII.

Schneppe had, in the meantime, got back
safely to Harris's Station, and unfolded his
budget of news to Colonel Wharton.

The old commandant, though trained in the
British line, in all the formality of the old
school, had been in the wilderness long enough
to learn something of the informal tactics of the
new school in which, so to speak, he now com-
peted a form. He had some notion, as soon as
he commenced, to see that he had undertaken a
business of which he understood next to no-
thing; he had also the rarer good sense to admit
his ignorance, and learn of those who did un-
derstand what they were doing, and at the time
my story begins had become, under the instruc-
tions of Eli and Adam Gordon, as much of an
expert in "light" fighting as was, perhaps, pos-
sible to a regular officer of the line.

There was one point in which he had per-
sisted in differing from his advisers; that was
the introduction of small cannon, already men-
tioned, and the event had proved that he was
right.

The two horsemen, knowing little of anything
but the rifle, and having a natural contempt for
any weapon that was so clumsy to handle, and
could not be relied upon to pick out any par-
ticular eye at a hundred and fifty yards distance,
had remonstrated strongly against it as only fit
to waste powder, which would be needed for the
small arms and make noise, which was not
needed at all. Neither of them had ever seen a
cannon, and they had no idea of the tremendous
force of its discharge.

However, in spite of their remonstrance, it
was brought, with infinite toil, to the front
camp, but so well hid up that no one, except
themselves and Colonel Wharton, had any sus-
picion of the contents of the heavy box that was
stowed away so carefully in the little room.

The general impression in the garrison and
throughout the settlement was that it was full
of goodness; for what else, they argued, could
have been that was so outrageously heavy and
was kept so carefully concealed? It was
Colonel Wharton's object in keeping it con-
cealed, up to this time, was simply to enhance
its effect when used; an object in which he had
succeeded perfectly, for the two destructive dis-
charges from it had quite as much to do with
the final departure of the scoundrels as had Cap-
tain Jack's unexpected appearance. The in-
crease, in this day, though much more familiar
with them, are proverbially afraid of cannon. A
dozen round shot, or a score of grape have a
little respect for the two and knock them along
which they are sent to put up shillings, and
make their way through a body of men with
no little discretion.

It is but justice to the harder turn to say that
the effect of the two discharges was such in the
number of the enemy that lay between the port-

hole and the palisade, the morning after the at-
tack, dispersed their prejudices at once. Indeed,
Eli, when he learned that the gun had been
worked on that occasion by his pupil Philip,
began to conceive something like an affection
for him.

So, the gun was now openly mounted, its
muzzle pointing through the opening cut for it,
much to the dread of the boys and girls of the
settlement, when they had any errand to the
blockhouse, they having a settled conviction
that if they should by any accident get before it,
it would inevitably go off of its own accord.

When Schneppe brought the certain news that
the British troops were in the country preparing
for the expedition, Colonel Wharton concluded
to celebrate their arrival by a salvo of artillery.
He would have liked to do the thing on a grand
scale, by firing thirteen rounds, one for each
company, but powder was so scarce and difficult
to get to admit of any such reckless extravagance;
so he compromised upon three, leaving the
old gun to be taken for granted.

I cannot further pause here, with pardon-
able elation at the discovery, to say, that, so far
as any recorders have existed, this is the first
"comprovement" upon any question in which the
country was concerned, that it is to be found on
record.

It was soon known throughout the settlement
that "the cannon was to be fired off," and on the
morning after Schneppe's return, the whole popu-
lation, men, women and children, were gathered
on the bank of the river, where the place had
been placed, to see the performance.

The match was applied the first time by Cap-
tain Wharton himself, and drew the screams of
the women and quailing of babies at the re-
port.

The second shot was fired by Eli, at the com-
mandant's request, and the last, as a special
favor, at his own importunity, backed by the
commandant of Adam Gordon, who, as we have
seen before, had taken rather a liking to him, by
little Frank Lightfoot.

The boys stood to the work bravely; not a
whimper, not the stir of a muscle was visible at the
sharp "bang" of the gun. At that momentous
epoch in his life not even the shrill objurgations
of "brother Tom's" stentorian spouse Sally, nor
Schneppe, could shake his nerve.

"That boy has 'grit' in him," said the com-
mandant to Gordon, as he turned towards them.
"If he can stand before a gun as coolly and
steadily as he has stood behind it he'll
make a good soldier one of these days. Come
here, boy."

Frank came up, his eyes sparkling with ex-
citement and glad at having successfully "ticked
off old Bunker" as he phrased it.

"You're a good chap," said the commandant,
"and fit for something better than whacking
down trees and grubbing out stumps here; what
do you expect to do when you grow up?"

"Hunt Indians," said the boy, innocently.

"Hunt Indians," said the commandant, "say;
"the same old story with all; revenge and blood-
thirstiness ruled in with their mother's milk;
no compassions of any difference between the
sons of the forest and the towns; who brought
you that Indian should be hunted, yes?"

"Laws! 'tis in the cabin the night did an
mammy was skelped by them Chippewas."

Colonel Wharton had not heard the story, but
it was easily guessed at.

"You are too young, my boy," said he, gently,
"to harbor such feelings; did you never hear it
said that you must forgive your enemies?"

"Forgive 'em? What's that? Let 'em alone?"

"Yes; or at least don't disturb them unless
they disturb you."

"Can't do that," said the boy, sharply and
emphatically, "see them two above me every
night, tellin' me to remember, and he looks
down again, suddenly two one of these pas-
sionate gusts of crying which always seemed to
come burst of sorrowing him."

"It's no use, colonel," said Eli in a low voice,
"the boy was out for this work; he can't be
turned from it; no'though what you say is
good, it won't do with them bloody Chippewas;
they're wolves by nature, not lambs; but wolves
treatment 'll do any good with 'em; if it was
the Delaware, too, they're more like human
creatures, and must be hunted as such, but to
spare a Chippewa is only to put your head down
and ask him to strangle you."

"Well," said the colonel, abandoning the dis-
cussion, "how would you like, my boy, to come
into the garrison and learn how to be a soldier?"

"Much obliged," said the boy, "but I'd
rather not, sir; don't like to drill; and the
sagunt like a man over the shoulder one day with
his rifle, when he was a little out of town. He
told he'd been out I'd be killed him. Why, by the
buckey! Look here, You say I shall have
died long time to come; I'm strong enough to
handle it, or than I'm a-goin' to fire Captain
Jack's hand."

"Very well; you may go now," said the colo-
nel, with a half grin, "but mind what I tell
you; by the time you're as old as I am you'll
not get out that I am right and you wrong; that
certain never grows in the long run."

"Thank you, sir," said Frank, politely, "I believe
I'll try 'em. And I'll try 'em."

And now we must leave the colonel, boy
adding to his defense as much as possible, wait-
ing his turn with the assistance of Eli and Gordon,
to the irregular service of the frontier, more

star as ever shone in any city, and the legal pos-

The Lady's Dresses.

An English "victim of fashion," calls the earnest attention of the *Times* to the present inordinate length of Indian dresses, whereby a man is pre-

vented from entering a drawing-room with that dignity and upright bearing befitting a lord of the creation. Unless he scuffs his feet along like a snow-clearing machine in the front of a locomotive, he will inevitably tread on his wife's skirt, and so, for convenience's sake, the

hand, and a few approximating the extended hand of his bottom, he could not do it without a pair of tongs, for half an acre of silk or satin is between them. "The Victim" adds that the difficulties of getting down-stairs to dinner are so much increased by the long skirts and the

spiked bankers, that he suggests that the gentlemen should be treated like cattle, and not suffered to move about; if they were placed for instance at the dinner-table with their feet out of harm's way, lace would not be torn and tem-

Local Insensibility.

A rapid and efficient means of producing local anesthesia, and one free from any of the constitutional risks attending the administration of chloroform, is a boon of great price. Dr. B. W. Richardson effects this result by diluting the chloroform with a certain amount of ether.

ring on to the skin a finely divided spray of pure ether, using an ingenious modification of the spray tubes, lately much in vogue as toys for diffusing perfumes. A rapid blanching of the skin, and insensibility to pain, follow in from about thirty seconds to two minutes. The

wards of a hundred operations have within the last few weeks been painlessly conducted under this method. It is only likely to be generally useful for superficial operations; but these are so often undergone at the cost of great terror

and anguish through dread of the risks of chloroform, that the value of this invention must be very great.

THE EAST WIND.

What's the soft south-wester?
 'Tis the ladies breeze,
 Bringing home their true loves
 Out of all the seas;
 But the black north-easter,

Through the snow storm hurled,
Sends our hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.

ADVERTISING IN CHINA.—Their manner of advertising is very striking. The streets are

mostly narrow, and from the upper part of the houses hang long strips of wood at right angles, setting forth in large letters, and with quaint devices, the trade of shoemaker, optician, or what else. These boards, which appear to be about

three feet wide, are the whole height of a moderately tall horse, and as each tradesman vies with the other in setting forth his claim upon public attention, by the gaudiness of his colored advertisement, the effect is like that of a town-horse with flags on a race-day.

THEATRE IN CHINA.—A Chinese theatre seems to be a very droll affair; there are no reserved seats, but those who wish for the best places climb up into the rude scaffolding. Plays must be very popular, for they are going on all

day. A ticket qualifies the holder to stay two hours, but it appears it is difficult at times to get rid of the spectators, who try to remain surreptitiously for the next performance. To expedite their retreat the manager has contrived

COFFEE.—The Cincinnati Gazette says that pure "essence of coffee" is now made in that city out of the "cheapest, dirtiest molasses," which is boiled until it becomes coated in

pass, and when hard, broken up and pulverized. Ground rye is then mixed with it, after which it is boxed up, each box being sold at eighty cents, and labelled "pure essence of coffee."

A BATTLE—According to a Paris paper, the following plan is to be soon struck up outside a new house: "A young Caffre girl to be seen within. She is admirable both for the elegance of her movements and her ferocity. She promises to show a *bonne famille* which is more

THE GERMAN BED.—The elaborate construction of that edifice of housewifery called a "par" here, and which we are expected to sleep upon, can only be understood when you have to

undermine and disintegrate it night after night, to arrive at a reasonable flat surface on which to recline. First you take off a great buff bag, at least two feet thick, then a counterpane, and then a brilliant scarlet blanket; next you ex-

tract one enormous pillow, and a huge wedge-shaped bolster—all, it appears, requisite for the Teutonic race, who yet could surely put themselves to sleep at an angle of forty-five degrees, without all this trouble, by merely stiling up the end of a bedstead. *A. T. M.—N.Y.*

WEDDING.—The widow of Rev. T. Stuart King was married in New York, recently, to Mr. Morris, a rich steamboat man of San Francisco.

Q A very funny man in Greenfield, Massachusetts, signally failed once in the description of a book he put up in selling a library at auction. He hadn't read very much in books, Rot-

him back, but crossed the titles, trusting to luck, and went ahead: "Have you have Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, how much am I offered for it? How much do I hear for the Pilgrim's Progress, by John Bunyan? 'Tis a best-seller."

how much do I hear? All about the pilgrims, by John Bunyan! Tells where they come from, an' where they landed, an' what they done after they landed? Here's a picture of one of 'em going about preaching tidings, with a sack on his


Fortuna.—Fortuna plays some queer pranks. One descended to a poor widow woman

also did nothing for a living, in Pithul. She owned a small piece of ground, and some friends got her consent to sink a well upon it, the result of which is a barrel of oil every 10 or 12 months. She has had several offers of, said

It is reported that ex-convict Gwinn had a narrow escape from death. While sitting in his room at one of the New Orleans hotels, a lady of his acquaintance saw

and Dr. Gohm argued that it was upon the race, for passing the time, and for the duty. The negro drove his market, and the white man and pulled the trigger, to the negro's advantage. The negro failed to explode. Had it not been for the race that would have been the case.

the production.



LET ME GO.

[The following is the composition of Miss Mary Fryer (a resident in one of the "Close" or Alleys in the old town of Edinburgh), who is in extreme old age, quite alone in the world, totally blind, and in deep poverty.—]

Let me go!—The Day is breaking,
Morning bursts upon mine eye,
Death this mortal frame is shaking—
But the soul can never die!

Let me go!—The Day-Star, beaming,
Gilds the radiant realms above;
Its full glory on me streaming,
Lights me to that Land of Love!

Let me go!—My Warfare's ended;
Night's dark shades have passed away;
All in view is Glory splendid,
Boundless and eternal Day!

Let me go!—My Master's Chariot
Waits in state to bear me home—
Purchase of His Grace and Merit,—
Alleluia! Lord, I come!

Now, I am Thine, and Thine for ever,
While eternal ages roll;
Sense and sin no more shall sever
Thy blissed Presence from my soul!

Now, amid the sacred splendor
Of the glorious Hosts above,
Everlasting praise I'll render
To that God whose name is Love!

PALE AND BROWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER I.

It was a wild, stormy night, but the doctor's little company of friends had not failed to come. I sat on the sofa talking with Prof. Kremler, who was the delight of my heart, because of his thorough German nature, deep-thinking and joyous. The doctor was full of his jokes, which caused a constant flow and ebb of laughter in the room, while his dear little wife gazed gently about, keeping every one well pleased. Cousin Mark's wife was there, and cousin Dick's wife, and Dick himself. And our magnificent Rose, whom they had all come to see, swept her mauve-tinted robe statelily away from the piano-stool, which was her throne by right; she had just finished an exquisite arrangement for "Martha," so her retreat was covered by a little bonnet of applique, and Don Whiskers (meaning our tenth cousin, Marquise), drew a chair for her as near his own as might be, which place pleased Rose more than it did me on the other side of the room.

It was just at that moment that the doctor's wife whispered in my ear a request that I would step down to the cellar a moment and superintend the choosing of the wine, for a dozen choice bottles had been sent in gift-fashion the day before, and the doctor tonight wanted us to test and praise the merits of the sherry, brown and pale, which they contained. So I stumbled down in the dark, while glimmers of mauve flashed over my retina, and the professor's last German couplet rang in my ear.

The maids were waiting below with a flickering candle, and we all marched solemnly to the rows of bottles, which looked like so many nine pins, for Balthus to tilt at. Of course, the doctor's wife, being distinguished by the absence of feet, and selecting a couple of bottles, we returned to the dining room. There stood the doctor, twin bearded, uniquely cut in some foreign manufactory, the doctor's initials all wrought with gracefulness vine leaves and twirls. And Kathie drew the stoppers, while Rose tried to find the corker for the bottles. That seemed a delay, momentarily more vexatious, as I felt how much of parlor delight I was losing.

"Do hurry, Rose!" I exclaimed, impatiently.
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10-18-77 In New York & New York - T-100
 10-19-77 No. 10 North South St., Philadelphia - T-100
 10-20-77 A two will be sent by mail, post - T-100
 10-21-77 age paid to my address - T-100
 Bond by all the reading Druggists MARKS-C

